

BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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LIKE A FIREBRAND.

Rev. Herbert Casson Hurls Burning Truths at a Lynn, Mass., Audience.



ASSERTIONS by the leading gold standard papers of the east, howled and repeated by the little me-too papers of the west, that the "reform movement" is waning; that the "16 to 1 craze" is dying out; that "Bryanism" will not again be heard of in the land, have a ridiculous appearance alongside of the telegraph dispatches telling of the hundreds of thousands of eager people who are flocking to the places where Wm. J. Bryan is speaking. Even in the far east, in old Massachusetts, right at the front doors of the rich, protected monopolies of the land, there are brave men who dare to continue calling for justice; honest men who do not fear to "tell the truth and shame the devil."

The following extracts from an address by Rev. Casson, from his pulpit in Lynn, Massachusetts, on a recent date, ought to open the eyes of the common people at least to the dangerous course in which this country is drifting. He said in part:

"The present question is not which reform will come first, but whether we shall have any reform at all."

"We are at present a defeated, thrashed, thrown down nation of peasants. We have no longer a social problem; it is now a struggle for life. The political question is not how to teach the people to vote right, but how to get their votes counted when they do vote right. No impartial man can doubt that Bryan was the real choice of the American people. The industrial question at present is not how to get the full reward of your labor, but how to get any kind of a job. Millions are struggling, not for money, but just to keep what they have, not to get homes of their own, but to escape the poorhouse and the jail."

"The terrible question now is not what is the best legislation to work for, but whether legislative reform is possible, so long as monopolies exist."

"If we pass a city law in favor of the masses it is vetoed by the state; if we capture the state we are undone by congress and the senate; and, towering above all, stand the president and the omnipotent supreme court."

"Every department of government is now controlled by Mark Hanna. The man who was only a nightmare a year ago is now a horrid fact. The most infamous labor crusher in the country is in power. Everything yields to his whip. He is master of a rabbit congress, a groundhog senate and a sawdust president. The king-maker and the slave-maker has himself become the government. I do not denounce him as an individual; he is the incarnation of monopoly."

"What does this new 'social democracy' of Chicago mean? It means that the people are being driven back to barbarism. The bees have made the honey, and now they are voluntarily leaving the hive and striking for the woods to 'better their condition.' Siberia has become a social ideal to the American unemployed."

"The dry rot of degeneracy has begun in this republic. In this fair month of June, when all the birds are merriest and all the flowers are blooming, young men and young women are committing suicide and staining the green grass with their blood."

"Every newspaper is a record of murder and disaster and death. Every day there are hold-ups and assassinations, and bellish assaults on little girls. Surely then, this is no time for private squabbles and hair splitting and moral laziness. If you have suffered a personal wrong, think of the nation's wrongs and forget your own. If you have a private affliction, sink it in the sorrows of the race."

"The last ecclesiastic shall bury the last monopolist; and Pierpont Morgan shall be regarded as we today regard Kidd or Jesse James. There'll come a time some day when this shall come to pass. The war between the money power and the people will seem as unequal as the war between the first settlers and the Indians."

"Conservatives will declare that everybody knew monopolies would have to be taken by the people; and

little children will listen with horror and amazement to their grandfather's stories about these savage times."

A Great Inland Lake.

Some time ago we made note of the fact that there was talk of digging a canal from the Arkansas river to the Cheyenne bottoms in Barton county and make an artificial lake twelve or fifteen miles long and seven or eight miles wide. We might as well say now that we had no faith in the project when we heard of it. In the first place the Arkansas river half the year does not run enough water to irrigate a duck pond, and to talk about filling a lake that covers some seventy square miles didn't occur to us as a remote possibility. We supposed that it was one of the things that the people out there would talk about for a while and then quit. We are prepared to take it back.

The Barton county lake will be a success, and the Arkansas river will furnish the moisture. The parties who are digging the canal have taken an under hold on the Arkansas that we hadn't figured on. It has been known for a long time that the Arkansas didn't show up for what there was in it. The Arkansas is really an underground river and only keeps enough water on the surface to indicate its location and furnish the crawfish that build their humble houses along the bank with drinking fluid. The firm that proposes to fill the Cheyenne bottoms proposes to tap the real Arkansas. They are building a dam down on the bed rock which means that they will scoop a channel probably thirty feet deep in the sand, and stop the river that runs underground. This means that they will get plenty of water to fill the Cheyenne bottoms. They are not asking funds or bonuses, but are putting up their own stuff.

The dream of an inland artificial lake in Kansas is about to be realized, and Cheyenne lake will not only furnish water to irrigate a quarter million acres in Barton county, but it will be a celebrated pleasure resort where yachts will ride before the wind. Before two years Barton county will have the biggest artificial lake in the United States.—Topeka Mail and Breeze.

Ode to the Kansas Cob.

The greatest praise by the newspaper men has lately been sung for the Kansas hen, and once in a while we read or hear, a poem that's "writ" on the Kansas steer; but none of those poets are onto their job, or they wouldn't forget the Kansas cob. In this prairie country where coal comes high, and none but the rich can afford to buy, there is many a family that with cold would sob, if it wasn't for the Kansas cob. It costs but little and is great for heat, and for many things is hard to beat. A knot-hole, with it, you can tightly plug, or as a cork in your cider jug, and at evening when your work is done, as you bask in the setting sun and gaze on your crops that are getting ripe, what comfort you gain from your old cob pipe. To the Kansas hen we must be fair, and the Kansas steer must have his share, not one of their virtues would we try to rob, but we can't go back on the Kansas cob.—Chanute Blade.

Aphorisms, New Bar Biting.

Rev. George Schorb is a blind Methodist preacher, of Evanston, Ill. He is also a writer of some renown, and in a recent book promulgates some new sayings that are decidedly taking. Here are a few of the shots from the blind preacher's snickersnee:

He thinks that "the old fashion of too many children is better for the home and the nation than the new fashion of no children."

"If Mme. Patu, instead of covering the floor with her superfluous cloth, would cover another woman's back, both women would be more comfortable."

"To those who advise their daughters to marry for money he propounds the conundrum: 'If ladies can sell themselves 50 years for \$50,000, why should they not sell themselves an hour for \$5?'"

"God will give the country to those who drink beer and have children rather than to those who drink no beer and have no children."

"I would rather be a squatter on the western prairie, living in a dugout, fighting floods and fires, with a true woman beside me, and dear children around me, than live in a palace in Chicago with a fashion plate for a wife and a dog for a child."

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Reints sale near Odin, July 30th.

Wire nails 4c a pound at the "Cyclone."

G. C. Carey spent a couple of days at Leoti last week.

John Reinhart is clerking with J. S. Harpham the east side merchant.

Call on the DEMOCRAT when you want sale bills printed, blank notes etc.

John Loomiller, the blind man, was in town to see the sights last Friday.

Last weeks rain will help the late corn to grow faster than the hopper can eat it.

On July 3d a fine baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. N. Reidel, of Albion township.

See call for meeting of the democratic county central committee, elsewhere in this paper.

T. R. McElroy, the engineer at the waterworks, is now manager of the Great Bend Water Supply Co.

It is a quiet day when you don't see a threshing outfit meandering through the town, headed for the wheat stacks.

Ira Rohlfing wheeled up from Ellinwood last Friday before the rain; but "wheeled" back again on the railroad train.

C. M. Deming, who was injured by the explosion on the branch road recently, is able to be up and around a little.

D. C. Barrows was down from Galatia Saturday. Says the wheat is panning out a good quality, but is a small berry.

James Norris, formerly of Great Bend but now in the Santa Fe yards at Newton, was up Saturday to visit with friends.

That was a glorious rain last Friday; one that would have been appreciated more, however, had it come a couple of days sooner.

Mrs. J. R. Baker and Miss Grace Gano of Pawnee Rock came into the Bend between showers last Friday. to do some shopping.

Rev. H. M. Giddens, who has been visiting his father M. Giddens for the past 10 days returned to his home in Garfield last Thursday.

Not another country on earth could experience a down-pour of rain like we had last Friday and have the good roads we had the next day.

Do not forget the Reints sale of stock and farm implements, near Odin on July 30th. See the bills for list of stock and goods and terms of sale.

Mike Hickey was down from near Oimitz Friday. Says he is through harvesting, and will have his new house finished in another two weeks.

Miss Anna Miller of Wichita, daughter of J. B. of this city returned to Wichita last Thursday after a two months visit with friends and relatives in this city.

Persons having friends visiting them or knowing of strangers visiting in the city will confer a great favor upon the editor by informing him either in person or by note.

Dick Manning's blacksmith shop looked like a young round house a few days last week, with three or four threshing engines standing around undergoing repairs.

They call them Saloons at Great Bend.—Hoisington Dispatch.

And why not? They have all the appearances of saloons, do a saloon business, and ARE saloons.

Delinquent subscriber item from the White Cloud Globe: "Jesus paid it all", came floating to us in the June twilight the other evening. In a few minutes we discovered the singer. He owes us for three years' subscription."

The citizens of Sterling are so slow that when they leave their homes in the morning to go down town their wives always insist on them taking a lunch with them, and at parting tell them to hurry so that they can get back before night.

Three or four drunks a day was the record of the police court in Great Bend the past week. The city officers have been very successful in keeping under control the large number of strangers who have been coming to town to spend some of their hard earned money.

Wm. J. Bryan of Nebraska and Ed R. Moses of Great Bend, Kansas, spoke before the Trans Mississippi Congress at Salt Lake city last Thursday. UNANIMOUS resolutions were adopted demanding the immediate adoption of bi-metalism. Wonder if our Ed voted with the rest of them?

The Great Bend Firemen's Relief Association last week received \$111.00 from State Insurance Commissioner McNall, as their proportion of the 2 per cent fire insurance tax.

Arthur P. Buck, formerly a wagon maker on the east side of the square, has been up from Oklahoma the past month, helping in the harvest. Mr. Buck has but one arm, but makes a full band with the best of them.

When the ladies go to buy sugar with which to put up fruits and find that \$1 will buy four pounds less of the crystallized sweetness than it would a short time back they will wonder at the transcendent beauties of McKinley prosperity.

Dave Roberts' two sons went east one day last week over the Santa Fe, on a trip from Grand Junction, Colo., to Canada. They go to Galveston by rail, and from there by water, via the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic, and the lakes to Canada.

The Misses Brown are moving into the old Barton Co. Bakery room, on Forest avenue, west of McMican's, to make room for Chas. Lundblade's drug stock which will be moved into the vacated room, next west of the J. V. Brinkman Co. bank.

Did you know that the human heart pumps over seven tons of blood per day? It beats 70 times per minute and at each of these beats forces 2 1/2 ounces of blood through the system, 175 ounces per minute, 656 1/2 ounces per hour, or 7 03 tons per day.

Shelf paper 2c a dozen at the "Cyclone."

James McCauley and wife will make a visit to friends and relatives in the south east part of the state, and will look about for a new location. Their friends at Hoisington (and we join with them) seem to think that they will find no place to suit them better than Barton county.

Up about Cladin there are some exceptionally good wheat yields reported. August Boartz, of north Cheyenne got an average of 50 bushels to the acre, and his wheat tested 60 pounds. Fred Schrepel, in the same locality, got 40 bushel, of 62 pounds test. Many others in that locality are reporting from 20 to 35 bushels to the acre.

"Twas a wise fellow who said; When you fight or work, don't make a fuss. The hen cackles after she has laid an egg. The hee haw of the mule may startle you, but it is not so dangerous as his hind legs. Bear in mind that it is an empty wagon that rattles most when in motion. The noise and sizzle of the locomotive are not force. All force is silent."

They tell a story on a well known third ward man who has been getting home rather late of nights. His wife retired, but left a fine hand lamp burning on the parlor center table. When hubby came in she heard him—of course—and sang out, "John, put out the lamp." He carefully lifted the lamp and put it out on the porch. And now that family is looking for the return of prosperity, so they can buy another lamp.

14 inch mill files 25c at the "Cyclone."

Last Saturday evening, word got to the college that Paul Schneck was just aching to have some young folks come out and shake their feet. So, about a dozen couple hiked out on foot (it was reported to them only a mile to Schneck's) and found the place after walking a long three miles. But evidently they were not expected, for they were afterwards seen to form quadrills and shuffle through a few short measures on the buffalo grass, by the silvery light of the moon.

An exchange tells of a man who relates the following incident which may be true but it sounds fishy: His boy caught a large sucker a couple of years ago, and since that time he has been experimenting with his finny pet somewhat. The fish, says the Punxsutawney Spirit, has been kept out of the water so much that generally became accustomed to it, and frequently flopped out of the water itself and followed the boy around. Finally the boy placed it in a pen and gradually reduced its bathing periods until it became acclimatized, abandoning entirely its native element.—It would follow the boy around like a dog, and one day he started over to town across the swinging bridge with the pet fish flopping along after him. But alas for boyish hopes! The fish made a slight miscue and flopped overboard into the creek and drowned before the boy could rescue him.

Chair bottoms 5c at the "Cyclone."

Men's good shoes \$1.24 at the "Cyclone."

F. Senkeisen and wife were down from Albert Monday.

Sam Shattuck was in from north Homestead Saturday.

25c hand mirrors 10c at the "Cyclone."

Late corn is spruicing up pretty well and grass-hoppers are living fat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Brinkman and Mrs. C. Samuels visited Larned Sunday.

Mrs. J. D. Welch and children arrive from Independence Mo., Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Moss is home from Chicago to spend the summer here.

Another good rain of about two inches fell Monday night in this locality.

Bessie Stover is up from Newton to visit with her grand-mother, Mrs. T. Vancil.

Hugh Boyle, of Albion, got caught over night in the Bend Monday by the rain.

Use good judgement and trade at the "Cyclone."

J. A. Rehn has a word to say to our readers this week.

Ralph Bailly returned last week from a sojourn of several months in Oklahoma and Arkansas.

Will Schrier, John Reinecke, Henry Harper and H. B. Byers were Heizer men in town Saturday.

All Modern Woodmen should remember that there is "work" in the lodge room next Monday night the 26th.

Charlie Herter, south of Ellinwood was in town to put up bills announcing his sale of horses on August 7th.

Mrs. T. M. Beardsley, of Larned, has been visiting with her parents, Tom Gillmore's, during the past week.

C. Samuels, of the New York store, is now in the eastern markets looking up bargains in fall good for our Barton county people.

Friday's rain was somewhat spotted; some parts of the county got a good soaking, while other parts only got enough to lay the dust.

Tacks with gilt heads 100 for 5c at the "Cyclone."

Jack McCullough, of the Oklahoma country, formerly a miller in the Walnut Creek Mills, is up on a visit to friends in Great Bend.

Anxious mother. Smiling doctor. Half the neighbors kept awake. Round green apple. Long cucumber. Hungry urchin. Bellyache.

The Sons of Veterans of camp Great Bend will give an ice cream cake walk, at the G. A. R. hall Saturday evening of this week.

Unless all former experiences are no indication of what is likely to happen the "lost arm in a threshing machine" item will soon be ready to pick.

Andy Powelson was called down from Shaffer, Saturday, where he has been working on an elevator, on account of the sickness of his wife.

Carpet tacks 1c a box at the "Cyclone."

Many thousands of dollars have been paid out in this county during the past thirty days for the harvest help, and currency has run rather low at the banks.

Frank Clark of Cladin is said to have cut 645 acres of wheat this harvest in a nineteen days run with one header. And the wheat was extra heavy in that locality.

The Great Bend Cycling Club was out on parade Monday evening. It was an ideal evening for wheeling, a shower during the afternoon having laid the dust.

Fred Steckel was up from Ellinwood Saturday. Says that town is going to be one of the liveliest in the state when the wheat comes in to market—and we believe him.

50c monkey wrenches 25c at the "Cyclone."

We again have an interesting lot of items from Pawnee Rock. As Mark Heynes has gone to buy wheat, Dr. Ira Bartle will act as representative of the DEMOCRAT at Pawnee Rock.

We cannot name you the next Judge of this district, this week, but could give you a mighty close guess. The populist convention met again yesterday, but we have not learned the result thereof in time for this weeks paper.

Initial scarf pins 5c at the "Cyclone."

The Youngers were not pardoned from the Minnesota penitentiary. It is well. There are enough high-toned robbers running loose in this country as it is.

THERE are a number of Topeka republicans who have shaken the gold dust of the United States from their sticky heels and bled themselves to prosperous free silver Mexico. And we ought to be thankful for that.

As an evidence of good faith and the honesty of the party in its principles, it will be noticed that the free silver wing of the democratic party only fuses with pops in states where republicans have a majority. This is "reform."—Tribune.

AS AN evidence of good faith and the honesty of its principles, the republican party, it will be noticed, only fuses with populists in states where democrats have a majority. Is this the same kind of reform?

The great coal miners' strike continues to grow in most alarming proportions. The strikers and their starving families are becoming desperate, but show no signs of weakening; while the wealthy operators are talking arbitration to kill time and starve out the workmen. The end will not come for some time yet, unless all signs fail.

Major Hudson, who used to tell us of the deplorable condition of silver standard countries, like Mexico, is going to get out of gold-standard United States and hunt for prosperity in Mexico.—Lawrence Gazette.

The major has found the error of his way and will, in the future, look more to his individual interest rather than that of a few party bosses and money lenders. It is more than likely that Major Hudson, even if he should remain in Kansas, will come out for reform before the next campaign.—Sterling Democrat.

TERRENCE V. POWDELEY, the Benedict Arnold of the laboring world of the 19th century, has received his reward for betraying his people into the hands of the English Tories—the gold bug. He has been appointed commissioner general of immigration. He will look after the importation of Slavs, Huns and Italians who are imported into this country to take the places of American workmen and b. voted in droves for a continuation of the single gold standard.

DEAR little Willie Breckenridge seems to have been the guardian angel of the gold standard, or so called "national" democrats, of Kentucky at their recent convention. We wish them much joy of the stink that surrounds their Willie. Added to his many other sins, Breckenridge is now trying to bring about a fusion of the gold democrats and republicans of his state to beat the regular democrats. When a man the age of W. C. P. Breckenridge goes wrong there is no telling what crookedness he will attain to.

It is a noticeable fact that the States that gave McKinley such a heavy vote in November last are now mixed up in a coal strike, which involves the daily bread of over half a million people. The suffrages of these people were gained through promised prosperity, but instead of an advance in wages they have had their pay cut down until the ghastly starvation has compelled them to band together and demand that they shall be paid better. This state of affairs is bad that compels this and if the good Lord above is not a plutocrat himself, these miners will win.—Hutchinson Democrat.

BIMETALLISTS never claimed, as is falsely asserted, that "the object of bimetalism is to secure the equal concurrent circulation of the two metals." On the contrary, its sole object is to increase the volume of redemption money by making the coins of both metals everywhere practically equivalents. Before 1873, in spite of the frequent, slight variations in the market value of the two metals, gold and silver coins were everywhere worth substantially their face, as money—and that condition of things will be instantly restored as soon as this country opens its mints to the unlimited coinage of silver.—Ex

Rope 7c a pound at the "Cyclone."